

The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

Maimonides As A Physician

By JOSEPH FELDMAN, M. D.

The Position Of The Jew In Communist Russia

By EMANUEL M. EDELSTEIN

The New Boy

By IRVING OBLAS

A Negro Hears Heinz Liepmann

MARCH

1935

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The Brooklyn Jewish Center Review

Published by THE BROOKLYN JEWISH CENTER—667 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Subscription Price \$1.00 per year

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Vol. XV

MARCH, 1935

No. 29

TO THE CREDIT OF ENGLISH JEWRY

ENGLAND numbers only about 250,000 Jews, a number that we find in one section of Brooklyn, such as Brownsville, alone. America has about four million Jews. And yet the little community across the sea has to its credit Jewish cultural achievements which must put our large community to shame.

It is in England that there has been produced the finest edition of the Pentateuch with a running commentary in the English language, that we have ever had,—a commentary that makes the knowledge of our Holy Writ accessible to every man or woman who desires it.

And now comes the happy news, again from England, that there is being published in that land, under the supervision of Chief Rabbi Hertz, and under the editorship of Rabbi Dr. I. Epstein and a distinguish group of scholars, a complete unabridged English translation of the Talmud,—a task which leaders in American Jewry have often discussed but never had the courage to undertake.

In fact, eight volumes of this set are practically completed and will appear during the end of this month. The eniret set will comprise about thirty volumes. We feel confident that American Jewry will grasp the opportunity to avail itself of this privilege to delve into the ancient teachings of the Talmud, now that it appears in the language which they all can read.

British Jewry, the scholarly Board of Editors and the Soucino Press in England are to be congratulated upon the great achievement of placing with-

in the reach of those who cannot read the original, the first really scientific rendering in English of a text hitherto almost unintelligible except to experts.

THE NETWORK OF RABBINIC INFLUENCE

THE Jewish Theological Seminary of America, in an interesting booklet which it has recently published and in which are described the manifold departments of learning sponsored by this outstanding institution, gives a striking picture of the distribution of the Seminary graduates who are serving as Rabbis. The total number of such Rabbis occupying positions is 228. They are to be found ministering to congregations in 108 cities, in 31 States in the United States, 8 cities in Canada, and one in Great Britain.

The interesting fact to be observed in this account is that the distribution of Rabbis in various cities follows closely the proportion of Jews to the total population of the country. Thus, for example, California has six Rabbis, Texas 4, Colorado 1, Oregon 1, Alabama 1, Pennsylvania 19, Connecticut 11, Massachusetts 12, New Jersey 18, and New York 85. In most States of the Union, when there is no Seminary graduate, there is less than one per cent of Jews.

The figures credited to each State are ample proof that the Jewish communities in America have reached the stage where they recognize that their numerical growth must go hand in hand with their spiritual growth, for which only an institution like the Seminary can provide.

TWENTY YEARS OF THE MATZ FOUNDATION

THE Hebrew and Jewish press throughout the world noted in most commendable terms the tenth anniversary of the founding of the "Israel Matz Foundation for Hebrew Writers." For the first time in modern Jewish life, a Jewish Maecenas has arisen to take under his benign shelter the poor, the disabled and the forsaken among those who have enriched our Hebrew literature. In these ten years, the trustees of the Foundation have spent in subsidies to such needy writers or families of writers the sum of almost \$80,000. More than eighty of such families,—some representing names that have made outstanding contributions to Hebrew literature,—have been assisted in monthly stipends. The Center is proud of the fact that the founder of this Foundation, who set aside \$100,000 of stock in his company for this sacred task, is a fellow Brooklynite. It is also proud of the fact that its Rabbi is privileged to be one of the trustees governing this Fund ever since its foundation.

The *Review* joins world Israel in congratulating the Matz Foundation and its founder on this historic anniversary, and to express the hope that others might be influenced by this unique and noble example.

—I. H. L.

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THE POSITION OF THE JEW IN COMMUNIST RUSSIA

By EMANUEL M. EDELSTEIN

IN the long centuries of persecution and suffering the Jews have always found solace and comfort in their religion and culture. The more intense the torment at the hands of their fellow-men, the more enthusiastic was their study and learning, and the more significant became to them the ideals of their tradition and culture. They learned to seek and find compensation in the religion of their fathers and in the lessons taught to them by their prophets and great thinkers, for the denials of economic and political rights which they suffered. The Jews have habituated themselves in their long years of exile to the deprivation of material privileges, and instead have clung mightily to their inherent spiritual values.

The Jews in Russia are confronted today with a problem diametrically opposed to the one which they have encountered for centuries; they find themselves in an entirely novel situation and are at a loss of how to grapple with it. The Jews in Soviet Russia are completely emancipated as to their civil rights, but the practice of religion and the study of the Hebrew language, if not officially forbidden, are tabooed, impeded and mocked at everywhere unofficially. The problem, it should be added, faces the older generation. The youth in Russia, or to put it more clearly, the most vital element of Russian Jewry, hardly concerns itself at all with the new phases of their life. The question, therefore, arises: "Are we not witnessing a complete assimilation and Russification of a great part of our people, or will, perhaps, the Jewish genius be able to adapt itself to the new situation and retain, thereby, its old tradition and culture?"

When I put this question before Jews in Russia the answer was practically one and the same, although from two various standpoints: The father would answer that when a tree is cut down, the branches, too, are doomed to die, and since the Torah, "the tree of life," is forsaken, there is no hope for any Jewishness in Russia; the son, with a care-free smile, in the dialectic fashion of the Communist, would give the reply: "Why must we have a dis-

tinctly Jewish group in our country? With the passing of the Jew, anti-Semitism will die a natural death."

"And what about Lenin, who said that every nationality comprising Russia has a special contribution to make towards the progress of the land?" I would ask.

"Even so," my young informant would argue, "why must we contribute in Hebrew or in Yiddish, if we can do so better in Russian? And then, the Jews were never a distinct group in Russia, in the same sense as the Ukrainians, the Tartars and others were, since we never lived in a given area, all by ourselves."

The precariousness of the future Jewish life in Russia is also increased by the fact that there exists practically no relationship or contact between the Jews in the Soviets and the Jews elsewhere. The Jews in Russia are utterly ignorant of what is going on in the world outside, except, of course, of such news as has a direct bearing upon class struggle or upon the "exploitation" of the Arabs by the Zionists in Palestine. I was amazed to hear how little even the nationalist Jews knew of our activities in Palestine and elsewhere. I arrived in Russia about two months after Bialik died, and I found Jews who still were not aware of it, although they were once, and perhaps still are, ardent Zionists, and know some of Bialik's poems by heart. Many Jews learned of the great poet's death from the few very sympathetic remarks made about him by Gorky at the All-Russian Congress of writers in Moscow, during the end of August.

THE Yiddish "Emes" did have an article on Bialik, but, comparatively very few Jews read that paper.

When I spoke to intelligent, middle-aged people, former leaders in their communities, about the assassination of Arlosoroff in Palestine, and the subsequent trial and acquittal of two members of the Revolutionist Party, they stared at me in bewilderment. Some of them vaguely knew about the revisionists, but none ever heard of the murdered leader, and those who had

some knowledge about the case admitted that they thought the murdered man was Sokoloff.

I was the guest of honor in the home of a Rabbi in a fair-sized town in the Ukraine. This town was once a lively, commercial center; it had among its inhabitants very rich and influential Jews. Many Zionists and revolutionaries of later days breathed the fragrant air of this still beautiful although very poor garden city. It had 13 synagogues (of which three still exist), Hebrew schools, Maskilim, Chassidim, Misnagdim,—in a word it was a typical pre-revolutionary Russian city in the pale of settlement, seething and pulsating with Jewish life and activity. Now, all Jewish cultural life has ceased there. It is true that the Jews have two public schools, conducted entirely in the Yiddish language and attended by Jewish boys and girls, but the cultural contributions of these schools to the Jewish needs of the city is practically nil.

But to return to my visit with the Rabbi. When I told my very attentive audience that there are hundreds of thousands of Jews in America attending synagogues, tens of thousands of children studying the Hebrew language, a multitude of Jewish organizations interested in the work of Palestine, aiding the suffering Jews in Europe, boycotting German goods and even assisting in the colonization of the Jews in Russia, the Rabbi—a very learned man—raised himself from his seat, motioned everyone to do likewise, and offered the famous blessing: "That He let us live . . . to this time!"

No sooner was this pathetic scene over, and a woman entered the house followed by three children each carrying two chickens—eight in all—and asked the Schochet, who was also among the Rabbi's visitors, to have the chickens killed, for tomorrow they were to have a "Brith" at her neighbor's house. I was a bit startled: a circumcision ceremony in Russia? and eight chickens too? It was my turn now to say the blessing, but the Rabbi stopped me, saying: "Yes, we still cling to our old ways, but who will
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MAIMONIDES AS A PHYSICIAN

By JOSEPH FELDMAN, M. D.

BEFORE discussing the position of Maimonides in the history of medicine, let me briefly state the facts of his life.

He was born in Cordova, Spain, on March 30, 1135. His family traces its descent through Judah Hanasi, the compiler of the Mishna, back to the royal house of King David. He was a member of a distinguished, highly trained, scholarly family, of Rabonim and Dayanim. His father, Maimon, was a judge in Cordova, and also a mathematician, an astronomer and an expert Talmudist. It was from him that Maimonides received his aptitude for Science and Philosophy, and it was from him he received his instructions in Jewish lore.

In those days Cordova was the home of European culture. For the Jews, Cordova had become the center of Jewish learning and authority; there they founded their first academy, in 960, gradually replacing and transferring the centers of learning from Sora and Pumbeditha, in Babylon, to Cordova, in Spain, and there they continued to live in peace and contentment, pursuing in their vocations in commerce and their avocations in philosophy and literature.

Cordova continued to progress and was at the height of her glory when a fanatic tribe of destroyers, the Almohades, waged war against the peaceful inhabitants of Spain. In 1148 Cordova fell into the hands of these people, who, with fire and sword, turned the peaceful city into a place of ruin and a den of chaos. Intolerance and religious persecution then reigned high and the Maimonides family was forced to escape. For ten years they wan-



(Courtesy Jewish Daily Forward)

MAIMONIDES

Whose Eight Hundredth Birthday Anniversary the World is Now Celebrating

dered from town to town in Spain, and eventually settled in Morocco, in the city of Fez, in the year 1159. Fez was the only university town in Morocco.

Throughout this period of stress and wandering Maimonides kept to his studies, displaying a conspicuous ability. In Fez he took up the study of medicine as a means of earning a livelihood, although his supreme passion was for theology and philosophy.

His acquaintance in Fez with several Mohammedan scholars and his thor-

ough knowledge of the Arabic language made it easy for him to study the Arabic translations of Aristotle and other philosophical and medical works, and aroused in him the interest in metaphysics which influenced the rest of his life.

But the religious persecution which made life bitter in Spain spread to northern Africa and Maimonides resolved to continue his wanderings. In April 1165, he, with the other members of his family, sailed for Palestine. At that time Palestine was under the Christian rule. The Jewish population was small, barely numbering 1,000 families, and these were scattered throughout the country. They were poor, both materially and intellectually, so that the environment was uncongenial to Maimonides. He was therefore obliged to resume his travels and came to Egypt, where there were larger and more prosperous Jewish communities. Providence, it appears, had decreed that the second Moses should come to the home of the first Moses.

Maimonides settled in Cairo and there he spent the rest of his life. It was in Cairo that his intellect expanded to its fullest extent, and his literary activities brought forth their finest products.

AS physician Maimonides devoted himself to the practical side of human conduct and has connected the material interest of life with the highest idealism. His tremendous medical practice, his exalted position as Court Physician, and his many treatises on medical subjects have established his fame as the greatest medical authority of his time.

(Continued on next Page)

Originally conceived in Arabic, the many medical manuscripts of Maimonides have been translated mainly into Hebrew and Latin and, to a lesser extent, into German and French. All those works bear similar characteristics in that they all invariably commence with a short prayer to God and are usually dedicated to some distinguished person, for whom they were expressly prepared.

In medicine, Maimonides showed the influence of Aristotle, for he was a Rationalist in the sense that he believed in testing all things by the intellect. He was disinclined to accept blindly mere authority for truth and relied mainly on his own experience. In all his medical treatises he manifested familiarity with the writings of the older and more reputable authorities.

Living in an age in which the belief in magic and incantations was quite prevalent, and in a country where the wearing of charms and amulets was, and is even today, generally practiced, we find that Maimonides opposed them, condemned them and considered them abominations.

OF all medical subjects, dietetics, hygiene and the prevention of disease were the favorite topics of Maimonides. In his great work, the *Mishnah Torah*, he devotes a great deal of discussion to the theoretical and practical aspects of those subjects. Three of the fourteen volumes, the first, *Sefer Hamada*, "The Book of Science," the fifth, *Hilchoth Maachaloth Asuroth*, "Treatise on Forbidden Foods," and the tenth, *Sefer Taharoh*, "The Book of Cleanliness," are of particular interest to us from the medical and hygienic point of view.

The "Book of Science" is devoted to the moral precepts of personal and physical hygiene and their practical application to life. Contrary to the tendencies of ascetism that prevailed in those days, Maimonides preached the importance of one's duty to his own body, and called attention to the moral that a healthy soul must have a healthy temple to dwell in.

In the fourth chapter of this book, *Hilchoth Deoth*, a treatise on science, he restated this idea, emphasizing that, "A healthy, perfect body is an essential to the proper serving of God."

To illustrate some of his ideas on the subject of dietetics, values of different foods and their effect upon the digestive functions, I have endeavored to extract a few points from the original Hebrew of *Hilchoth Deoth*.

From Par. 2: One should never eat except when one is hungry, nor drink except when one is thirsty, nor delay any of one's excretions, not even for one moment. One should not continue eating until his stomach is distended but should decrease his food to the proportion of one quarter of its capacity.

From Par. 6: One should eat those things that physic the body, such as raisins, figs, melons, cucumbers and fruits of the same species, these fruits to be partaken before the meal proper.

From Par. 8: In Summer it is best to eat cold foods and not to use too much seasoning nor make use of acid things. In winter one should eat warm food with plenty of seasoning.

From Par. 9: Old salted fish, old salted cheese, old salted meat, wine just from the press, foods of long standing which have acquired a bad odor, milk that has stood for 24 hours, should not be taken in, as they are poisonous to our system.

From Par. 11: One should abstain from the fruits of the trees before they are ripe. When they are fully ripe they are very nourishing. Figs, raisins and almonds are always good whether fresh or dry.

From Par. 12: Honey and wine are bad for children but healthy for old people, particularly in the winter. In the Summer one should eat two-thirds of what one eats in the Winter.

From Par. 13: One should take care that his stomach is always relaxed. If constipated one should have in the morning a mixture made up of rhey leaves seasoned with olive oil. Elderly people should take a portion of honey mixed with hot water, in the morning, wait four hours and then eat their regular meal. Repeating this procedure three or four days would bring relief.

He concludes this important chapter with a reference to Public Hygiene and City Establishment, citing an ordinance of 10 points, necessary to make any town a safe place to dwell in. They are:

1. A qualified physician
2. Skilled surgeon
3. Bathing facilities
4. Proper sewerage
5. Fresh water supply
6. A House of Prayer
7. A school for children
8. An accountant or Scribe
9. A charity organization
10. A court of Justice

In Volume 5 of *Mishnah Torah* we

find an extensive chapter of 17 parts exclusively devoted to an exhaustive and detailed deliberation on dietetics, called *Hilchoth Maachaloth Asuroth*, "Treatise on Forbidden Foods." A medical treatise bearing the same title was written in Arabic by Maimonides and dedicated to the famous Sultan Saladin. A Latin translation of this book under the name, "*Tractatus de Cibis Vetitis*—a rare edition—is to be found in the Library of the Surgeon General in Washington.

The 10th volume, called *Sefer Taharoh*, "Book of Cleanliness," is an exposition of hygienic principles pertaining to the prevention of communicable diseases.

Chapter 1: *Hilchoth Tumath Hameth*, is devoted mainly to a discussion of rules and regulations associated with the handling of those who died of communicable diseases.

ANOTHER chapter, *Hilchoth Tumath Zoraath*, is taken up with an elaborate discussion of persons afflicted with communicable diseases, modes of prevention, and ways of isolation.

Still another chapter, *Hilchoth Meitane Mishkav Umoshav*, is devoted to an outline of rules and regulations of sexual relationship, and the prevention of those diseases caused and transmitted by sexual contact.

In order to diffuse and disseminate this knowledge and to implant these ideas in the hearts and the minds of the Jewish masses, it seemed imperative to Maimonides to have those great medical and hygienic principles, and their application to daily life incorporated as *Mitzvoth*, as commandments, or laws of God, the fulfillment and the carrying out of which meant the preservation of personal health, common welfare and the prolongation of life. Violating them, or failure to keep them, was considered a sin, the penalty of which spelled disease and shortening of life.

To illustrate his ideas on prevention and disinfection of diseases I have translated two of his dicta, extracted from this very volume:

Dictum 1—"Just so as a man who establishes contact with a contagious disease becomes a carrier of the infection, so do also the utensils employed by him become infectious."

Dictum 2—"Let this be a general rule, the diseased individual, by his contact, does infect men, clothing, utensils of china, pottery and metal.

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THE NEW BOY

By IRVING OBLAS

A BELL suddenly punctuated the din that arose as the laughing, gossiping boys and girls seated themselves in the immense dining-room of the Jewish Children's Home. It rang and rang, its shrillness increasing until the scraping of chairs, the clatter of silverware, and the shouting of voices had gradually subsided into a squeak or two, a few whispers, and here and there, the tinkle of a spoon upon a glass.

A moment of silence—during which a few children squirmed uneasily in their seats and others cleared their throats. An awkward, tense moment for the six hundred children constrained to an unnatural quietness by the commanding symbol of authority. Like greyhounds straining at their leashes, they awaited the signal of release.

A second bell rang. And before it had died away, a new tumult began. It was the weird, chaotic clamor of hundreds of children of all ages and of both sexes lifting their voices in prayer. "*Boruch ato adonoy elohenu melech ho-olem ha-motzi lechem min ho-oretz.*" they chanted, each in a peculiarly individual style. A few shouted boisterously, others intentionally distorted the words into meaninglessness, and most of them mumbled the words, mechanically, indifferently. But few children spoke quietly and piously.

One of these few was Isaac, the "new" boy, who had been admitted to the Home only a few days before. A pale-faced, curly-haired boy of twelve, sitting stiffly with thin sensitive hands clasped on his lap. Gravely, with religious fervor, he recited the prayer in a gentle yet passionate voice; undisturbed, although the boy at his left shouted raucously and a boy opposite him made a grab for the bread plate.

Before the prayer had even been completed there developed at Isaac's table a sudden onslaught upon the food. From all angles, arms, long and short, stretched across the table and converged, like the tentacles of an octopus, upon the various food pans. After the general scramble hands withdrew clutching triumphantly slices of bread—some of them mangled. Those fortunate enough to secure the dish pans of mashed potatoes and meat loaf

This is the first published story by Irving Oblas. The "Brooklyn Jewish Center Review" welcomes new writers and has invited the submission by them of stories, articles or poems. Naturally, the character of the "Review" makes it preferable that the material it publishes bear a Jewish interest.

"The New Boy," by a coincidence, was submitted at the time when the American press carried many stories about the Brooklyn Jewish boy who ran away from home to study for the rabbinate. The unusual religious zeal displayed by this boy is to be found in the "Isaac" of this story and gives Mr. Oblas' work an authenticity which may seem lacking to many readers.

lost little time in heaping their plates with ample portions.

But so absorbed had Isaac been in the prayer that for several minutes he remained in the same passive, trance-like attitude, rigid, motionless, eyes dreamily fixed upon the unseen, hands lying limply in his lap. The prayer had evoked memories of other days at his father's table, the piety of the diners, his own timid, awesome respect of his elders . . .

When finally he did "snap out of it" as the mocking boys remarked, he noticed with a distressful look that the bread plate fairly gleamed in its emptiness. It contained scarcely more than a few scattered crumbs. He opened his mouth as if to protest, then silently shrank back in his chair. He was not accustomed to such a wild scrimmage for food, unable to comprehend the selfish callousness of his tablemates. At home he had silently waited to be served.

The stubby, dull-faced boy who sat at Isaac's right—and whom everyone called "Goofy" despite his own insistence upon the use of Sam as his right name—looked with pitying eyes at the new boy.

"Say.. don't you wanna eat anything?"

Isaac shook his head.

Sam shoved his own slice of bread before Isaac. "Here, take this. I'll go and get some more stuff to eat. No use starving for nothing."

Isaac watched the boy disappear into the pantry with the meat pan and the bread plate in his hands. Sorrowfully, he fingered his slice of bread. All about him was incessant chatter, children eagerly devouring food, noise—noise—everyone seemingly excitable and happy — except himself.

"Why don't you wake up, Ike?" shouted one of the boys at his table. "You can't be asleep and eat at the same time."

Isaac's face flushed. "My name's Isaac," he said quite simply.

"Well, if the greezed ain't getting stuck up! Your name's Ike, and don't forget it."

General snickering followed this ultimatum. Isaac's knees trembled. Greezer—Ike—greezer—Ike . . . He gripped the tablecloth and leaned forward, staring with burning eyes at the mocking faces about him. "Red" Cohen—the boy who had hurled the brutal retort — huge head, bull-doggish face, sneering at him; Jack (once Jacob) Katz, laughing; Fred, who looked more like an Irishman than a Jew; "Whitey," the blond boy from Mexico; and the others, all taunting the "new" boy for the fun of the sport, the usual custom. But with Isaac the epithets rankled, added the sting of mortification to the many disappointments that embittered him.

ALL of a sudden, unable to control himself, he excitedly waved his hands in the air and burst into a torrent of lashing words which not only startled his own tablemates but those nearby. In perfect Yiddish he shouted, "So I'm a greezer? Well, I'm just as good as any of you—a better Jew—a good Jew. You're a bunch of rotten kids, without respect for prayer, for anyone—grabbing all the bread. I wish I could get out of this ugly disgusting place. I'm sick of all of you—I hate everything you do. You can't make fun of me that way—my name's not Ike and you know it. How I wish I could leave—right away—right now—I . . ."

On and on he plunged, bitterly, vehemently, speaking so rapidly that his words became garbled and indistinct.

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The boys heard him with open mouths and staring eyes. Sam stood spell-bound with the dish pan in his hands, a councillor, hastening to intervene, halted, transfixed by the boy's fury, Isaac's face reddened, he stumbled over his words, almost choked himself, and then, coughing wearily, he lapsed into an embarrassed silence.

At first no one spoke. Then "Red" laughed, a somewhat forced laugh as if he felt ashamed—though he would be the last to admit it. "We didn't understand a word of all that, Ike. Why don't you speak English. We don't know Yiddish. Think of anyone spouting Yiddish—here—to us."

II

THAT was the trouble. These boys were not Jewish—not to Isaac anyway. They couldn't speak Yiddish, even understand it, they acted like goyim rather than Jews. Six hundred boys and girls of Jewish parentage—all types, all races intermingled in the orphanage. An investigator in search of the typical Jew would be completely baffled by this queer, ill-assorted lot of children. And yet, despite their obvious differences, most of them emerged from the melting pot thoroughly assimilated, almost all became alike in their desire not to be different. In this process much of their inherent Jewishness—their mannerisms, customs, ideals—was discarded, as is inevitable when children are inculcated from early childhood with the language, traditions and morals of a new land. Isaac, born and reared on European soil, could not understand all this. Here he was a foreigner in a community of Jewish children which consisted of very few Jews.

For Isaac came of an orthodox family, emigrants from Rumania. He had attended public school, but he had never really emerged from the little world of Jewish orthodoxy that his father forced upon him. He had played and studied within the narrow confines of a transplanted clan.

In the Home he could clearly perceive the sharp contrast between his background and that of most of the other children. Many of them, with but a few years of family life, had not been so thoroughly conditioned by the direct influence of devoutly religious parents as Isaac. He had been so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his people that his affection for his religion was of a spontaneous nature. He

possessed an inveterate love approaching veneration for the Talmud, the history of his race and its ceremonies—all of which he studied with an enthusiasm that required little probing.

But in the Home an altogether different atmosphere prevailed, a "reform" atmosphere which to Isaac seemed practically non-Jewish. While Yiddish was not prohibited, no one spoke it, except visiting relatives. Few understood it and still less could speak what Isaac regarded as his native tongue. Whenever he tried to converse in Yiddish with those who knew it well, he always met with rebuffs or inattention as if they were afraid that their knowledge, were it publicly known, might cast a social stigma upon them.

On his first Friday in the Home, Isaac's spirits rose. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, he rushed up to the dormitory, skipping every two steps and singing joyfully. It was time to bathe and dress in preparation for the Friday evening services which are held in the Home's own synagogue.

In the shower room, while scrubbing Sam's back, Isaac hummed an old Yiddish tune. He overwhelmed Sam with questions. "Do you like the

services?" he asked. "Who's the rabbi? How long does it last? Where can I get a prayer book? . . ."

Sam mumbled a few unintelligible answers. He couldn't understand Isaac's excitement nor Isaac himself: yet he was drawn to Isaac because of a common bond. Both boys were different from the other children, both subject to constant ridicule and derision. Sam's crime was that of being below normal in intelligence. Drawn to Isaac by pity, he admired the boy without comprehending him in the least except that Isaac, too, seemed out of place. And besides, Isaac was the only one who called him Sam instead of the odious nickname of Goofy.

At last, ready to march to the synagogue, the boys in Isaac's dormitory lined up in the aisle and awaited the customary cursory inspection by the councillors. Isaac stood in his place behind Sam, holding in one hand a frayed, weather-beaten cap. But he didn't care about its condition. His mind was occupied in imagining what the services would be like.

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TWO POEMS

By SYLVIA WIENER GROSS

TO H. A. G.

*(Appeal While Awaiting You—
Alone in the Dark)*

There's a sharp tattoo
On my window pane;
There's a rushing wind
driving on the rain . . .
Oh, make me strong to bear it!

There are figures silent,
crouching that wait;
They're the ghosts that are
darkly sealing my fate . . .
Oh, give me courage to bear it!

There are thoughts I have
that frighten me;
There are Things I need
to bring light to me . . .
Oh, give me knowledge to bear it!

There's a terror of Things
unknown to me.
There's only your presence
to set me free . . .
Oh, give me your love to bear it!

ON READING OLD LETTERS

Do you ever look back to those far
days,
So long ago now they seem,
When you trembled to hold me close in
your arms—
Or is it some fast-fleeting dream?

I took out those letters so poignantly
dear
And read them to comfort me,
And I wept for the loss of those ex-
quisite days
For the things that never again shall
be.

Oh, my dear, what has happened to all
our love?
Is it changed in so few years?
Did we really lose its intensity?—
Or is it covered by worldly fears?

If the cloak were removed, would it
still be there,
Lovely and bright as before?
Is it only hidden by material cares?
Or is it gone forever more?

THE NEW BOY

(Continued from preceding Page)

"Say, what's the cap for?" "Red" Cohen shouted as he pushed his way into the line.

Isaac turned around. "Why . . . for the synagogue . . . you know . . ."

Cohen laid a sympathetic hand on Isaac's shoulder. "Listen, Ike. This is reform services. We don't wear hats in the synagogue—that's orthodox nonsense. Take my advice and duck that cap before Mr. Weinberg sees you with it."

Isaac shuffled out of line and angrily tossed the cap into his locker. His smile of fond anticipation had faded into one of bewilderment—and fear. His head hanging to one side and hands stuffed into his pockets, he slouched back to his position in the line.

WHEN he took his seat in the synagogue he discarded for a moment the feeling of sin and ignominy he had experienced upon entering such a holy place with head uncovered. His curious eyes roamed about the large auditorium and eagerly encompassed everything: the solemn rows of stiff, upright benches, the lofty ceiling with blue stars studding it, the low hanging chandeliers, the perpetual lamp casting an eerie redness upon the sliding doors of the altar—and the altar itself which, like a God of vast dimensions crowned with tablets of stone, and standing stiffly with outstretched arms, presented a picture of ponderous austerity and severe dignity. Isaac's eyes riveted themselves upon the altar. It seemed to him a monument of unsurpassed beauty. He revered it, knowing it was the holy guardian of the Torah.

The soft notes of the organ, mingling with the musty, still air that pervaded the synagogue suffused Isaac's inner being with a pleasant warmth of spiritual satisfaction. He sighed deeply, happily. Meanwhile a wave of whispers swept through the synagogue. Children squirmed restlessly in their seats. Some contended for more space, some opened and shut the prayer books with noisy impatience. Here and there a boy would wink to a girl across the aisle and even wave his hand. Frequent admonitions from councillors sometimes stilled the more playful children—and sometimes resulted in an outburst of protests and angry retorts.

Isaac was conscious of this undercurrent of noise but in his blissful

A Negro Hears Heinz Liepmann

By H. B.

LAST night I heard Heinz Liepmann, the author, talk on "Murder made in Germany." Never before did any speaker impress me as much as this small man, bent a little from his experience, cat-like in movement, frightened, shifting his deep, piercing eyes constantly. He was very nervous, always moving; his hands caressed the water bottle; he turned the glass upside down and put it right side up; he changed his papers—he moved across the stage; he brushed his brow with his handkerchief—opened his mouth and uttered words which struck at the heart of every listener.

He apologized for his poor English and his uncouth oratorical attempts. True, he knew not the ways of a Cicero but he possessed a quality unknown to any famed follower of Demosthenes. Here was a man talking in a strange tongue, and pleading for the lives of thousands. Here was a man beaten by other men because he dared to speak the truth. Here was a Modern Hero!

Herr Liepmann told of the lives of unfortunates in "state health resorts," concentration camps, places of living Hell! He was so moved by memories that he couldn't describe his personal experiences. It was enough to state, simply—"I will never be well again." What a thought! A young man just out of his twenties, constantly harassed by a fear of jealous enemies lurking in dark alleys, in hallways, possibly even in his very audience—waiting for a chance to strike at a simple

human voice crying out for suffering thousands. What a view for a young man aspiring to be a writer who has his whole future before him! How many times did the thought of his friend's suicide come to him along with that of his contemplated own! Yet he plunged onward, striving on alone against heartless tyrants. Men who are condemned unfit to raise their own children. Men declared mentally unbalanced! Yet, these rule a nation that once ruled a world. A nation that gave leaders in society, philosophy, and art. How long can they "putsch" on?

We are the only ones who can say, "They shall not 'putsch' on!" But saying is not enough. To quote Mr. Liepmann, "Those with words will always lose to those with guns." If we maintain an interest in our government, and events of the day, if we all "hang together," if we all fight together, not with weapons but with the privilege of every citizen, then, and only then can we blot this awful blur on history's records. Voting, keeping active in our political circles, being conscious of what's happening around us, these are our weapons. Arm yourselves immediately—Make right the wrong done.

And to quote that silver-tongued orator of Germany, that golden calf worshipped by ignorant innocents, that excuse of a man, that thing called a Leader—"Things MUST change"—and they will—"DON'T FORGET!"

state he was magnanimous enough to overlook it; although now and then he cast an annoyed look at someone whispering or tittering nearby.

Several minutes after everyone had been seated, a side door at the front of the synagogue opened and the superintendent in a frock coat and bareheaded entered. Before ascending the pulpit, he paused and, with hands on his hips, surveyed the audience which almost instantly shrank back into a tense silence as if frozen by the chillness of his stern inspection. Involuntarily Isaac lowered his head and a cold shiver darted through him, extinguishing as it were the warmth of a moment before.

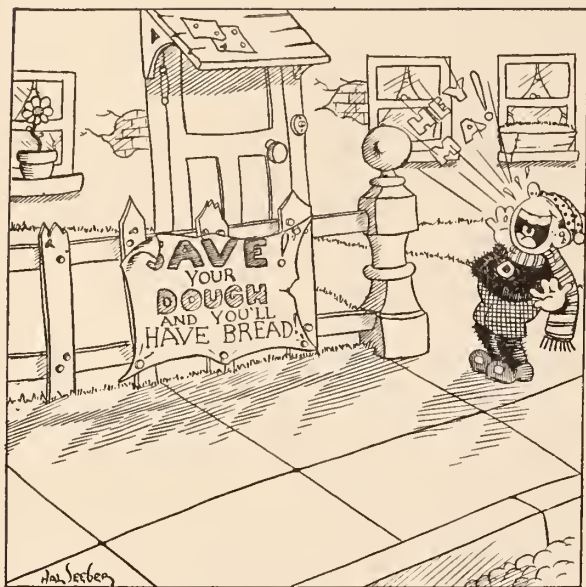
The services began. But to Isaac's

dismay most of the prayers and responses were in English. He mumbled these mechanically as did the other children; for to utter them with passionate sincerity only rendered the effect more disappointing. The words fell flat, lifeless. Isaac's eyes smarted when he first realized this. He longed so much to hear the sacred beauty of the Hebrew prayers! He longed for the pious old men with flowing beards, shoulders covered with talethim and foreheads and arms adorned with the yarmulke and tefillin, swaying and chanting in the shule as he had often seen them, and for the familiar sense of reverence and humility that had always gripped him during the ceremony.

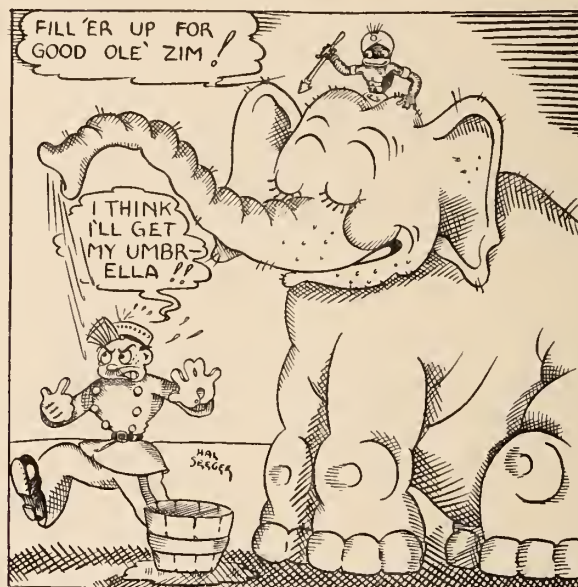
(Continued on Page 20)

The "REVIEW'S" Own Names Contest

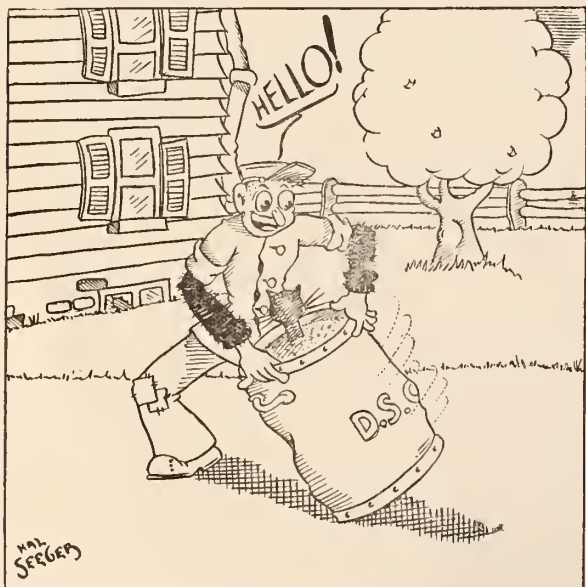
Read Instructions on Next Page and Win
A Prize



No. 5 James De Rothschild, Jesse I. Strauss, William Pechter, David Yellin, Felix M. Warburg, H. J. Lipman, Charles H. Bellin, Philip Gottfried, Bernard S. Deutsch, Jacob Magidoff.



No. 6 Phillip Brenner, Maurice Brooks, Israel Elfenbein, William Paley, Alexander Lyons, Philip Guedalla, Rosika Schwimmer, Maurice Helfand, Joshua Sprayregen.



No. 7 Abraham Cahan, David Shapiro, Jacob Garlick, David Pinsky, Sholom Asch, Moses Gaster, Robert Moses, Simon Ackerman, S. Margoshes, Samuel Katz



No. 8 Albert A. Berg, Muni Wisenfreund, John Linder, Eddie Cantor, Reuben Finkelstein, Norman Bentwich, Israel Matz, Jacob A. Fortunoff, Harry Houdini, Horace Kallen

Puzzle cartoons devised and drawn by HAL SEEGER

Names Contest

On the preceding page is the second set of puzzles in the Brooklyn Jewish Center Review's NAMES CONTEST.

A reprint of the first 4 puzzles will be found on page 23. Contestants can send in both installments now. NO MORE REPRINTS WILL BE MADE.

There are to be 20 puzzles. See how many you can solve. If you are as smart as you think you are we will reward you with a prize. One of the names listed below each cartoon is the correct one.

DIRECTIONS and RULES

Study each cartoon. Write in what you think are the correct names on the coupon below, together with your name and address. Enclose 10c with each set of four answers to defray the clerical cost involved, and mail to: Brooklyn Jewish Center, 667 Eastern Parkway.

You can send in as many sets of replies as you wish, but each set must be accompanied by 10 cents. The date of the closing of the contest will be announced in the third installment. Anyone can enter the contest, member or non-member, and at any time. The replies however must be mailed as soon after the cartoons appear as possible but not later than the fifth of the month following the publication of each issue.

41 PRIZES

will be awarded to those solving all the puzzles. These prizes are in addition to the great fun you will have and the satisfaction of an intellectual attainment. The prizes, as befits their source, are:—

- 1 Membership (Worth \$50.)
- 5 Lockers for the Gymnasium (Worth \$50.)
- 5 Cards for Hydropathic treatments in the Gymnasium
- 25 Guest Cards
- 5 copies of "Judaism—An Analysis and An Interpretation", by Dr. Levinthal, autographed by him.

If you are a member, and already own one or more of the above privileges, you can exercise your sleuthing abilities for the laudable purpose of introducing a friend to the Center.

THE JUDGES ARE:

Joseph M. Schwartz Henry Seinfel Louis J. Gribetz
Joseph Goldberg Joseph Kaye

Naturally the members of the judges' families are barred from the contest.

SOLUTION COUPON FOR FEBRUARY—Number 1

No. 1
No. 2
No. 3
No. 4

Contestant's Name and Address:

.....
.....
.....

SOLUTION COUPON FOR MARCH—Number 2

No. 5
No. 6
No. 7
No. 8

Contestant's Name and Address:

.....
.....
.....

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION of the NATIONAL FEDERATION of JEWISH MEN'S CLUBS

By Maurice Bernhardt

WHEN I accepted the invitation to act as one of the delegates of the Brooklyn Jewish Center at the Sixth Annual Convention of the National Federation of Jewish Men's Clubs of the United Synagogue of America, I surely believed that an opportunity was afforded me of combining business and pleasure, and accordingly, I joined the migration to Lakewood.

I must confess that I spent very little time in the open and I make the further confession that I added very little to the results of the convention, outside of being a very attentive listener. It was awe-inspiring to see some two hundred men, most of whom had never met before, sit down and discuss their common problems, make suggestions, exchange information and arrive at definite conclusions as to what program to follow in the future.

Dr. Elias Margolis, of Mt. Vernon, in delivering the main address of the convention, appealed to the younger element to try to find out what Judaism meant. He maintained that most of those who were denying or criticizing Judaism or apologizing for being Jews, were ignorant of what Judaism really meant and were the ones who were making no attempt to find out what it was all about. Has one the right to criticize if he does not know about that which he is criticizing? Rabbi Margolis quoted from Rabbi Levinthal's book "The tragic faith of Judaism lies in the fact that we have become indifferent to it. Judaism would welcome even a healthy opposition; it cannot withstand indifference. If we could only learn to discuss more, to question more, to reason more about Judaism, I am confident that Judaism would be the gainer".

Dr. Margolis begged the younger men to make the synagogue the center of their activities and not a place where we went only with our troubles and where Kadesh was said. He appealed to the younger men to get behind the Rabbis and give them their support and stated that only then would the Rabbis be able to fulfill their duty and become, as they were of old, the Teachers and the Leaders of their people.

(Continued on Page 18)

DR. LEVINTHAL'S BOOK RECEIVES WIDE APPROBATION

FROM every part of this land, tributes of congratulations are pouring in upon Rabbi Levinthal for his book "Judaism—An Analysis and An Interpretation", which recently appeared.

Dr. Josiah Penniman, Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, writes: "You have 'set forth clearly and in a scholarly way the basis of Jewish ideas—social and religious. . . . The book is one that should be read by Christians, as well as by Jews, for there is altogether too much ignorance of each other on the part of these two groups.'"

Prof. Samuel S. Cohen, Professor of Theology, Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati: "I heartily congratulate you on this fine work, even though in a number of details we do not seem to see eye to eye. . . . Your congregation has great cause to rejoice in the nature of your instruction."

Professor Shalom Spiegel, Jewish Institute of Religion: "It is a rich, a graceful, and a Jewish book. Rich—every page bespeaking intimate study and loving labor of thought on the subject. Graceful—for its ease and lucidity of presentation captivate the reader at once. Jewish—even in its manner, so ably reviving the art of the Hebrew homily, the Midrash."

Rev. Dr. S. Parkes Cadman: "It appeals to me as a book of first rate importance."

Rev. Dr. Julius H. Greenstone, Gratz College, Philadelphia: "It will prove a source of inspiration not only to the layman but also to many a Rabbi who will obtain through this book guidance and direction as to the manner in which he should convey these precious lessons to the community with which he happens to be entrusted."

Rev. Dr. Louis M. Epstein, of Boston: "Appreciate the beauty of style, the delightful play of rabbinic quotations with your characteristic interpretation of them, and the earnest attempt to reason profoundly together with your readers on the various aspects of Jewish life and Jewish belief."

Louis J. Moss, President of the United Synagogue of America: "You have succeeded in presenting the subject in a fascinating yet scholarly manner. . . . In plain language and with a

wealth of homely illustration, you have developed the rationale of much that commonly is believed to rest on nothing more substantial than outworn tradition."

Rev. Dr. Israel Goldstein, of New York: "It is a skillful, indeed a masterly exercise in the traditional method of Jewish homiletics, which you have developed into a great art. . . . Sets a standard for Jewish preachers."

Rabbi Joseph Miller, Congregation Shaare Torah, Brooklyn: "I wish there would arise in our minds a Maecenas who would make it possible to place your book in the hands of every Jewish young man and woman."

Hon. Herman Bernstein, former U. S. Minister to Albania: "You have succeeded in making your scholarly work accessible to the average reader, and in interpreting the teachings and ideals of Judaism with broad sympathy and keen understanding."

EXCERPTS FROM LEADING REVIEWS

Professor Louis Finkelstein, in *The New Palestine*: "Now he appears to us in a new role, that of the philosopher of Judaism. In a series of beautiful essays he analyzes various problems of Jewish faith and doctrine, and shows how these difficult technical subjects can be made as clear and as interesting as any drawn from current life. . . . Obviously the task of making abstract questions of belief as fascinating as they are made in this book is not easy. But he has succeeded in such measure that the volume will serve a good influence, not only in spreading information, but in extending the use of the method which he has invented and which he follows."

Dr. S. Margoshes, in the "Jewish Day": "He is one of our few English-speaking and English-writing rabbis who draw liberally on the Midrash. To say that in his choice of his midrashic tales, so illustrative of his points at issue, Dr. Levinthal is felicitous, is to understate the case. Much fairer is the statement that in his dextrous use of the hagadic elements and of our folklore generally, he exhibits a quality of mind bordering on genius. Not since Jellenik has the Hagadah, which Bialik terms the heart as opposed to the Halakah which he calls the head of our

tradition, been employed to such excellent purpose. Dr. Levinthal knows how to mingle facts with fancy, arguments with artistry, positive religion with parables and poetry. He has written a most delightful as well as a most illuminating book."

The New York Post: "Dr. Levinthal has written a fine analysis and interpretation of such aspects of Judaism as bear upon the Idea of God, Judaism and Science, Ethics, Messiah, Labor and Palestine in his book, *Judaism*. . . . Readable and well documented."

The Cleveland (O.) News: "His book will help Jews and non-Jews to a realization of this age-long vitalizing force."

The Palo Alto (Cal.) News: "The reader is frequently amazed at the dexterity with which Dr. Levinthal interprets Talmudic statements in the light of today. Although he is an outstanding erudite, Dr. Levinthal's style is not heavy and these chapters are easily read. . . . Will be welcome by all who seek to learn more of the Jewish heritage and teaching."

The Jewish Daily Bulletin: "The real truths for which the Jew has lived throughout the ages are presented by Dr. Levinthal in his book with clarity and in a most popular form. . . . For the Jews, Dr. Levinthal's book is a self analysis. For the Gentiles this book is the key to the Jewish soul."

Rabbi Abraham Burstein, in the *Brooklyn Jewish Examiner*: "We have not sufficient superlatives at our disposal with which to praise Dr. Levinthal's newest book. . . . Perhaps the clearest and soundest popular analysis of the fundamentals of Judaism to appear in our times."

Peter Wiernick, in the *Jewish Morning Journal*: "Deserves a distinguished place in the literature of this subject, because it is the work of a thinker and a scholar who understands what to say to an American audience."

Rabbi Abraham M. Heller, in the *Flatbush Jewish Center News*: "For the student and the layman, Levinthal's *Judaism* is not only a guide but an inspiration as well. . . . His book of sermons warmed many Jewish hearts, but his *Judaism* will do even more. It will teach and inspire the readers to a better understanding and greater love for Judaism as a religious civilization."

The Jewish Courier, of Chicago: "This volume will be cordially welcomed by both Jew and Gentile, for it is a clear and refreshing discussion of the fundamental concepts of Judaism presented in popular style. . . ."

NEWS OF THE CENTER

DR. STEPHEN S. WISE—FORUM SPEAKER—MONDAY, MARCH 18th

The speaker at the weekly Forum of the Center on Monday evening, March 18th, at 8:30 o'clock, will be the Rev. Dr. Stephen S. Wise, famous orator, Jewish leader and Rabbi of the Free Synagogue in New York.

This will be Rabbi Wise's annual visit at the Center and our Forum audience may expect a rare treat.

The subject of Dr. Wise's address on that evening will be "Is The American Jew Safe or Unsafe?".

The charge for admission to this lecture will be twenty-five cents to members of the Center upon presentation of their 1935 membership cards. To all others the charge will be fifty cents per person.

DR. BAKER IN A COURSE OF LECTURES on "PSYCHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE" WEDNESDAY EVENINGS

"Psychology of Everyday Life" is the subject of a course of lectures given at the Center on Wednesday evenings at 8:15 o'clock during the months of March, April and May. These lectures are given by Dr. Ernest L. Baker, noted psychologist and lecturer, and arranged jointly by the Forum and Education Committee of the Center and the New York City Board of Education.

Admission to all these lectures is free to all, members and non-members.

On March 20th Dr. Baker will speak on "Understanding and Developing Your Mental Abilities", and in presenting it he will give an explanation of the powers and abilities of the mind, and how they may be measured, organized and directed to useful achievement: a study of mental traits and their relation to individual and personality differences.

"How Your Disposition Developed" will be the subject of Dr. Baker's lecture on March 27th. He will discuss the importance of knowing how your early environment shaped your mental and emotional habits. A study of repression, inhibition, tension and conflict as they may thwart your self-understanding, self-command and block your mental power.

BROOKLYN CELEBRATION OF THE 800th ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF MAIMONIDES AT THE CENTER APRIL 8th

On Monday evening, April 8th, a borough-wide celebration of the 800th anniversary of the birth of Moses Maimonides will be held at the Center under the auspices of the Brooklyn Jewish Ministers Association.

The Forum Committee, in its desire to cooperate with the Rabbis of Brooklyn and to afford the Forum audience an opportunity to attend this celebration, has decided to close its present season on that evening.

The Forum lectures will be resumed in the Fall, as usual.

PROF. SCOTT NEARING TO ADDRESS CENTER FORUM MARCH 25th

The speaker at the Forum on Monday evening, March 25th, will be Prof. Scott Nearing, well known sociologist, author and lecturer.

Prof. Nearing has recently returned from a trip abroad where he made an extensive study of economic and social conditions in various parts of Europe. He is the author of many books dealing with economic and social questions. He was formerly Professor of Social Science and Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Toledo University.

Admission to the lecture will be free to Center members and twenty-five cents to non-members.

COURSE OF LECTURES ON "APPRECIATION OF MUSIC" GIVEN AT THE CENTER ON TUESDAY EVENINGS

A course of lectures on "Appreciation of Music" is being given at the Center on Tuesday evenings by Mr. A. T. Pushkoff, author and lecturer on musical subjects.

Due to the Purim holiday there will be no lecture on Tuesday evening, March 19th. The course will be resumed on March 26th, when Mr. Pushkoff will speak on "Music from 1600 to 1750". This subject will be continued on April 2nd. On April 9th he will speak on the subject: "The Transition to Sonata Form". "Mozart" will be discussed on April 16th. There will be no lecture on April 23rd due to the Passover holiday. The course will be

concluded on Tuesday evening, April 30th, with a lecture on "Beethoven".

Mr. Murray Glaser will play selections on the piano to illustrate Mr. Pushkoff's lectures.

Admission to the entire course is free to all members of the Center. The charge to non-members is twenty-five cents per lecture.

JUDGE ANNA MOSKOWITZ KROSS TO PREACH AT SPECIAL WOMEN'S SERVICE THIS FRIDAY NIGHT

In keeping with a tradition that has been maintained for the past several years, this Friday night, March 15th, promptly at 8:30 o'clock, the Sabbath preceding the Festival of Purim, will be devoted to a special women's service at our Center.

Rabbi Levinthal is happy to announce as the guest speaker Hon. Anna Moskowitz Kross, a City Magistrate who has been very active in many Jewish and civic undertakings. Judge Kross will speak to the women of the congregation on the subject: "The Call to Jewish Womanhood".

We hope that all of the women of our Center will attend this service, and the men, too, will be welcome.

Rev. Samuel Kantor will lead the Congregational Singing.

NEXT MEN'S CLUB MEETING MARCH 28th

The Men's Club will hold its next meeting on Thursday evening, March 28th, at 8:30 o'clock.

The committee, headed by Mr. H. J. Lipman, is now making arrangements for a most entertaining and enjoyable evening, in keeping with the fine programs given by the Men's Club in the past. Please reserve the date and make sure to attend.

IMPORTANT SISTERHOOD MEETING THURSDAY EVENING, MARCH 28th

The Sisterhood of the Center will hold an important meeting on Thursday evening, March 28th, at 8:30 o'clock. The detailed program of the evening will be announced at a later date.

All wives of Center Members are automatically members of the Sisterhood, and they are cordially invited to attend all the meetings.

PARENT TEACHERS ASSOCIATION OF HEBREW SCHOOL TO MEET MARCH 20th

The next meeting of the Parent Teachers Association of the Hebrew School and Sunday School will be held on Wednesday evening, March 20th, at 8:30 o'clock.

Mrs. I. Wiener, the President, desires to announce as the speaker, Rabbi Levinthal who will speak on: "How Can We Teach Religion to Our Children?"

It is hoped that all of our members of this association will attend this meeting and make it as successful as the previous meetings have been.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

The Junior League is continuing its meetings every other Thursday. At the last meeting, Mr. Goldman led a discussion on the topic: "The Motion Picture as an Art and as An Industry".

At our meeting on March 14 there was a discussion on the current season in the Theatre. In addition, Mr. Goldman's plans include a series of informal talks by professional people on their respective professions. Young men and women, between the ages of 16 and 21, are more than welcome to join us at our meetings. A social program is part of every meeting.

BAR MITZVAH

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Max H. Levine upon the Bar Mitzvah of their son, Herschel, on March 16, 1935.

CENTER CHILDREN'S REVUE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, MAY 26th

Elaborate plans are now being made for a most entertaining and enjoyable affair. The Children's Revue will be under the supervision of Mr. Eli Dantzig, well known orchestra leader.

We invite all children of Center members who can sing, dance, recite or entertain to join our cast. Please fill out the coupon printed below and forward it to the Center with the least possible delay.

Please enroll my child as a member of the cast for the Brooklyn Jewish Center Children's Review:

Name----- Age---
Talent -----
Parent's Name -----
Address -----

NEW MEMBERS

The following have applied for membership in the Brooklyn Jewish Center:

Bellach, Max
Married Retired
Res.—632 Alabama Avenue

Goodman, Solomon
Married Clothing
Res.—596 Montgomery Street
Bus.—11 East 47th Street
Proposed by Irene Pollock

Beck, Bernard W.
Unmarried Underwear
Res.—1511 Lincoln Place
Bus.—476 Broadway, N. Y.

Braunstein, Miss Sylvia L.
Attorneys
Res.—745 East 46th Street
Bus.—253 Broadway, N. Y.
Prop. by J. M. Schwartz

Brodsky, Miss Ruth
Bank
Res.—356 Wilson Avenue
Bus.—111 Duane Street, N. Y.
Prop. by J. M. Schwartz

Goldberg, Abe S.
Unmarried Silks
Res.—1430 Park Place
Bus.—43 West 39th Street, N. Y.
Prop. by David Alpert

Hartman, Aaron
Married Hat Trimmings
Res.—526 Montgomery Street
Bus.—720 Broadway, N. Y.
Prop. by Isidor B. Rosenfeld

Kalish, Samuel W.
Married Public Accountant
Res.—2662 Ocean Avenue
Bus.—455 West 45th St., N. Y.
Prop. by Joseph Goldberg

Lazarus, Arthur
Unmarried Ladies' Apparel
Res.—361 Troy Avenue
Bus.—42 East 49th Street, N. Y.
Prop. by Phil Singer

Levitan, Milton
Unmarried Lawyer
Res.—1167 President Street
Bus.—40 Wall Street, N. Y.
Prop. by Hon. Emanuel Greenberg and Hyman Siegel

Nimkoff, Max
Married Laces
Res.—420 Schenectady Avenue
Bus.—226 West 37th Street, N. Y.
Prop. by J. Brannfman

Rawick, William R.
Married Attorney
Res.—1279 Carroll Street
Bus.—40 Wall Street, N. Y.
Prop. by Hon. Emanuel Greenberg

Toporovsky, Sam
Married Instruments
Res.—706 Lefferts Avenue
Bus.—282 Broome Street, N. Y.
Prop. by Hyman Siegel

The following have applied for reinstatement as members of the Center:

Abrams, Harold
Unmarried Lawyer
Res.—404 Crown Street
Bus.—40 Wall Street, N. Y.
Prop. by Hyman Abrams

Monasch, Henry
Married Calsomine
Res.—255 Eastern Parkway
Bus.—21 Belvidere Street
Prop. by Joseph M. Schwartz

EMANUEL GREENBERG, Chairman
Membership Committee

CENTER CHILDREN TO ATTEND MEGILLAH SERVICES

The children of our various schools are invited to attend the Megillah Services on Monday evening, March 18th. They are to assemble in the Beth Hamedrash at 5:50 o'clock, when each child will receive a Greger and march together with the entire school into the Main Synagogue for the services.

PURIM SERVICES AT CENTER THIS MONDAY NIGHT and TUESDAY MORNING

The Megillah, or Story of Esther, will be read in our Synagogue on the eve of Purim, this Monday, March 18th, at 6:00 o'clock. The Megillah will be read on Tuesday, morning, March 19th, at 6:30 and 7:30 o'clock.

THE SABBATH

Kindling of Candles at 5:46 P. M.
Friday Evening Services at 5:50.
Sabbath Morning Services (Parsha Vayikro—Sabbath Zachor) will commence at 8:45 A. M. Rabbi Levinthal will preach on the Weekly Portion of the Torah.

Junior Congregation Services in the Beth Hamedrash at 9:30 A. M.

"ANOTHER LANGUAGE" TO BE PRESENTED BY CENTER PLAYERS

The Center Players, under the direction of Mr. Joseph H. Davidson, will present Broadway's recent success, "Another Language," on Saturday night, March 23rd.

Tickets are sold in advance at fifty cents each.

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations are extended to:
Dr. and Mrs. Henry Plotkin upon the occasion of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. Abraham Kaplan and Mr. and Mrs. Hyman Abrams upon the engagement of their children, Miss Devorah Kaplan to Mr. Harold Abrams.

PERSONALS

Our best wishes for a speedy and complete recovery are extended to Miss Irene Plotkin who underwent an operation for acute appendicitis.

Best wishes for a pleasant vacation are extended to Mrs. Henry Plotkin who is spending the month of March at Miami Beach, Florida.

INTERMEDIATE BOYS CLUB

February proved to be an outstanding month for the Intermediate Boys Club. Our cultural program included a discussion of the best cinemas of last year and an opening discussion in a series on Rabbi Levinthal's book "Judaism"—an Analysis and An Interpretation." Socially our program consisted of a theatre party on Washington's Birthday and a joint social with the girl's club.

We invite all sons of Center members, between the ages of 14 and 17,

who are not members of the club, to come to our meetings on Saturday evenings.

EXPRESSIONS OF CONDOLENCE

Our sincere expressions of condolence are extended to Mr. Nat Krakower, of 763 Eastern Parkway, upon the death of his beloved father, Abram Krakower, on February 28, 1935.

YOUNG FOLKS LEAGUE NOTES

The young people who braved the storm and sleet to attend the Frankfurter Roast of the Young Folks League were well rewarded. We are offering another opportunity for those socially inclined. On Thursday evening, March 21st, another Y. F. L. affair will be held. The program will consist of bridge, ping-pong, dancing and refreshments. Admission will be free to Center members only upon presentation of 1935 membership cards. Guests will be charged fifty cents.

RECEPTION TO NEW MEMBERS

The Membership Committee is arranging a Reception to members who joined the Center since the first of the year. All new members and their wives are cordially invited to attend. The Reception will be held on Thursday evening, March 21st, at 8:30 o'clock.

The Sisterhood

Solicits Your

Cooperation in helping the success of the

Annual

BAZAAR

to be held in the Auditorium of the Center from
SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 11th to and including
THURSDAY EVENING, MAY 16th.

Volunteer Your Help In:—

- 1—Donating or obtaining merchandise to be sold at the Bazaar.
- 2—Placing an "Ad" in the Bazaar Souvenir Journal or obtaining "Ads" for the publication.
- 3—Offering your services in collecting merchandise or selling the merchandise during the period of the Bazaar.

Please fill out the coupon printed below and mail it to the Center as soon as possible.

Mrs. Phillip Brenner, President
Sisterhood, Brooklyn Jewish Center

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Center Academy Seven Years Old

THE Center Academy of the Brooklyn Jewish Center at 667 Eastern Parkway was organized seven years ago to meet a deep-felt need of American Jewish parents for a school which would give their children a well rounded general education and a knowledge of their Jewish background, taught in a modern progressive way.

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The school offers a maximum course in elementary school subjects during the major part of the day and a correlating course in Jewish subjects for about an hour a day. The child's natural interests are followed.

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The children of our Hebrew School and Sunday School will have a joint Purim Masquerade Party on Sunday afternoon, March 24th, at 2:30 o'clock sharp.

A very fine and elaborate program for the entertainment of the children is being arranged. Prizes will be awarded to the best and most interesting masqueraders.

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So they move forward till in the higher grades they take up contemporary history, current tendencies in Jewry and important world movements.

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perience. They make trips in connection with their studies. When they return to school they write about their experiences, or express them in a painting, or a piece of handcraft. For festivals, American and Jewish, they compose plays, songs, paint scenery, make costumes; they invest the holiday spirit with their joyous creativeness.

In such an environment the American Jewish child can achieve an integrated personality. That is the aim of the school.

MAIMONIDES AS A PHYSICIAN

(Continued from page 6)

The contact man however can only infect food and drink."

It appears to me that when translated in terms of modern science, those dicta are an assertion of the principles of preventative medicine, principles of isolation and disinfection, and principles of careful differentiation of diseases. And they were uttered by Maimonides with a religious fervor 750 years ago!

His most comprehensive medical treatise on hygiene is a book entitled, *Sefer Hanhagath Habriuth*, translated into Latin as "Regimen Sanitatis." This book was dedicated to Alfadil, the rather dissolute and ailing son of the Sultan Saladin, and was considered the most popular book on Hygiene in the middle ages.

It is divided into four parts:

Part 1 is devoted to a general discussion of rules and regulations and hygienic principles underlying the relation of men to society.

Part 2 is a description of rules and regulations pertaining to the conduct of the sick in places where there are no physicians.

Part 3 is entirely devoted to the study of the condition of the royal patient to whom this book is dedicated.

Regardless of the princely station of his patient, Maimonides, in his advice, insists that the only effective remedies that could restore the prince to his good health and prolong his life, are moral purity, spiritual activity and perfect self control.

Part 4 is devoted to a detailed study and explanation of the following points: personal hygiene, climate, medication, quack doctors, diet, foods and their relative values, sexual relations, drinks, like wine, alcohol, etc., bathing, hydrotherapy, nasal colds and

their prevention, habits, clothing, and meats.

In this book Maimonides declares that overeating, sexual over-indulgence and drinking alcohol to excess are the most frequent causative factors of many diseases. Reading it, one finds it so modern in tone that it could well compare with a most recent dissertation on this subject.

Safer Harefuoth, a book of therapeutics, was another important contribution to medicine in those days. In this book Maimonides expresses his opinion that minor ailments need not be treated by medications, but should be left to Nature's cure and to the patient's resistance which should be regulated through certain diets. This book was widely known and used as a text book in the middle ages. His great familiarity with the works of, and his thorough knowledge of the practice of the older reputable medical authorities, like Hippocrates, Galen, Alrazi, Ebn Sena and Aven Zohar, influenced Maimonides to translate some of their original works, among them:

His Arabic translation in a condensed form of the sixteen books of Galen; his commentary on the Aphorisms of Hippocrates; his Hebrew translation of the work of the famous Arabian philosopher and physician, Ebn Sena. His book, *Pirke Moshe*, Medical Aphorisms, which is based upon the works of Galen and many other authorities, is considered among the finest contributions to medicine. In addition to these works, he wrote original treatises on poison, on haemorrhoids; on asthma; on physiology; a comprehensive treatise on sexual relations under the name *Shnai Haamarci Hamishgal*; and a treatise on the etiology symptomatology of di-

(Continued on next Page)

W - R - G

PRESENTS

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seases which is to be found in manuscript in Oxford.

According to all the commentators this last treatise has placed Maimonides as one of the foremost physicians of his age. The very fact that 750 years ago Maimonides took the modern viewpoint to investigate the etiological factors of a disease, to search for the cause of illness, manifests his keen intellect and explains why he was regarded as the sage and the great Eagle of the Doctors.

Lastly, there is the invocation composed by Maimonides called the "Prayer for a Physician," which it is said, he himself repeated daily. This prayer deserves to be read by every physician of our time, for it presents a most beautiful expression of divine sentiments, a love and veneration for his vocation. It is a further assertion by Maimonides of his profound belief, his *Ani Maamin*, that medicine is an ideal profession and its practice is a mission set by God before humanity at large.

Here is an excerpt of the prayer:

" . . . The eternal Providence has appointed me to watch over the health

and life of Thy creature. May the love of my act actuate me at all times, may neither avarice nor miserliness, nor the thirst for glory of a great reputation engage my mind. . . . Endow me with strength of heart and mind so that both may be always ready to serve the rich and the poor, the good and the wicked, friend and enemy, and I may never see in the patient anything else but a fellow creature of pain . . . If physicians more learned than I wish to counsel me, inspire me, O God, with confidence in, and obedience toward the recognition of them, for the study of science is great, it is not given to one alone to see all that others see. . . . Grant me strength and opportunity always to correct what I have acquired, always to extend its domain, for knowledge is boundless and the spirit of man can also extend indefinitely . . . O God Thou hast appointed me to watch over the life and death of Thy creatures, here I am ready for my vocation."

Maimonides was regarded by all Jews of that time as their spiritual leader, divinely appointed by Providence for the revival and the purification

of Judaism.

He died on December 13, 1204, at the age of 69, in the city of Fostat and was brought for interment to Palestine.

And there, in the ancient city of Tiberias, on the shores of Lake Kinereth, surrounded by the hills of Ephraim, stands the tomb in which lie buried the physical remains of Maimonides, the man upon whom centuries have impressed the stamp of greatness, whose genius beams with a radiance that inspires and with a spirit that exalts all the generations; the man in whose heart was rooted every tender and sympathetic virtue, whose name brings to the mind of every intellectual person the idea of whatever is great, whatever is illustrious in human nature; the man whose life has been a continuous blessing to human society and whose works formed a column, high as heaven, of learning, of wisdom, and of greatness which has stood the test of ages and will continue to stand in future ages as an eternal monument of the transcendent talent of the advocate of Judaism.

THE JEW IN COMMUNIST RUSSIA

(Continued from page 4)

take our places, when we go? No one learns to be a Mohel or a Schochet in Soviet Russia now, and as to the chickens, tell them in America that we are not starving any more in the actual sense of the word, but "not on bread alone will a man live."

I spoke to leaders of the Yiddish movement in Russia, and some of them were frank in admitting that the number of children attending Jewish schools is insignificant as compared with the entire Jewish population in the land; that Jewish theatres as a rule lose money, and that the Yiddish newspapers must be constantly subsidized by the Government. Of course, there were others who saw great possibilities for the development of the cultural life of the Jewish masses, thanks to the vast sums of money which the Government is willing to expend for such development, and especially for the establishment of an autonomous Jewish Republic in Biro-Bidjan.

SIXTH ANNUAL CONVENTION OF MEN'S CLUBS

(Continued from page 11)

What can I say in conclusion? I feel that the younger men are awakening to the fact that they do not have to apologize for being Jews, that they can honestly feel that Judaism is life itself and that the more we familiarize ourselves with the principles of Judaism, the prouder we will be of the fact that we, in a small measure, are part of so beautiful an institution.

Dr. Samuel M. Cohen, the moving spirit and guide behind this great movement, has given unstintingly of his time and effort. His noble character serves as an inspiration to all those who come in contact with him and one cannot help but welcome the opportunity of joining with him in this marvelous project of awakening the younger Jew to the meaning of Judaism.

CENTER CHAPTER 197 OF THE A. Z. A.

The Center Chapter 197 of the A. Z. A. is now preparing for the New York A. Z. A. tournament to be held March 24th, 30th and 31st. The tournament is sponsored by the New York Advisory Council representing all chapters of New York City. The events will be basketball, oratory and debating. Everyone is invited to attend.

I put forward this argument of the ardent Jewish culturist to some young parents who wouldn't send their children to the Jewish schools, and their answer was invariably the same: "Why must my child learn geography and arithmetic in Yiddish?" And as to Jewish history, some would argue that since the history of the Jews, according to the prevailing text-books, begins with the October Revolution, it is therefore of little value to their children. Others would very simply say: "We do not care if our children do not know Jewish history. We want them to be good Communists, and nothing else matters."

I was very much interested in the age-old problem of anti-Semitism in Russia, and how the Government was coping with the situation. I made numerous inquiries about it among Jews and Gentiles, and although it is true that the hatred and prejudice bred into a people for centuries cannot be eradicated overnight by the magic wand of a decree, there is no outward manifestation of anti-Semitism anywhere in Russia. The so-called "pale of settlement" was completely abolished with the result that there actually exists no specific Jewish section in any city in Russia. I travelled a great deal in Russia, and I found Jews occupying responsible positions in the remotest parts of the land. Furthermore, these people were usually found to be living among thousands of non-Jews and showing no signs of fear of being molested or of worrying about their not being among Jews. I am not extolling such an attitude, but I am simply stating the fact that as the barriers for free and unlimited intercourse with other people were raised for the Jew in Russia, he abandoned his old idea of "all Jews are brothers" in the sense that he could live more fully among Jews. Instead, he is endeavoring to travel on the newly opened, once forbidden to him, road with the utmost speed, not caring at all what goes on behind him.

We therefore now find in Russia a great number of intermarriages, Jews and Gentiles living in the same apartment, eating the same food and, in general, leading an identical life, materially and spiritually.

"Is there anti-Semitism in your organization?" I asked a Jewish engineer working in a large nail factory.

"I wish there were," he answered, "then, I would get rid of my assistant, who, I am sure, hates me like a spider."

I could not fully comprehend the joke, and my friend explained. The Russians, he said, are inwardly jealous of the Jewish initiative, ambition and intelligence, as of old, but they are afraid to voice their opposition openly: there is a law in Russia, strictly enforced, against all sorts of prejudices and the slandering of one person by another because of race, color or creed. If the above-mentioned Russian assistant engineer, therefore, would only once openly demonstrate his hostility against the Jewish engineer by merely uttering the single word "Zshid," he would be summarily discharged from the factory.

I myself witnessed the arrest of a peasant woman in a market place in Kiev on a charge that she dared call "Zshidovka" a prospective customer who was bargaining with her about the price for a dozen eggs.

The Russian Government is doing all it can to eradicate anti-Semitism and to put the Jews on an equal footing with all other citizens of that land, furnishing them with the opportunity of becoming farmers, factory workers, and of participating to the fullest extent in all branches of civil and military service. The Jew takes the opportunities offered to him, and I was very pleasantly surprised to see how proudly the Jews learned to walk and act in Soviet Russia: no more hidden fear in their eyes and no shrinking back at the encounter with a drunkard Russian or an army officer. Even those Jews who suffered the most from the upheaval in Russia, whose fortunes were confiscated and who were for a time deprived of their rights as citizens, the so-called "Lishenzi" (without rights), even they admit that the Government is doing all in its power to completely root out every vestige of natural animosity and race hatred.

For generations the Jewish child in Russia was deprived of the possibility of obtaining as easily as the Gentile child an adequate general education. The admittance to a Russian Gymnasium or University, was such a hard task that only a few of the very rich and influential Jews could ever hope to gain it for their children. Our literature and folklore is full of tragic as well as comic incidents pertaining

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to this struggle of the Jew to give his children an education and career. To the Jew, not only in Russia, but everywhere else, the problem of finding a "tachlis," a career for his children, has always been the most perplexing problem of his life. Now, even though he may worry and cry over the loss of religion and culture, the Jew never worries any more about the education of his children and their future vocations. He knows that all gates are now open to his boy or girl, and if they will only show ability they will succeed, with the help of the Government, in attaining any position they may be fit to fill.

I also found that some correspondents greatly exaggerate when they write that the revolution has broken up family life and created an impassable gap between parents and children. On the contrary, I saw much tolerance on both sides, much love and devotion, and even pride, of one in the accomplishment of the other. I have in mind a young man, an ardent Communist, a captain in the G.P.U. (secret service), who told me that although his duties make it impossible for him to live with his mother, he nevertheless finds time to pay her occasional visits, especially on Friday nights, for his mother loves

to hear him recite the *Kiddush*. I saw devotion in the eyes of the young Communist, and heard the tone of respect for his mother's feelings in his words. One old, very pious Jew, was proudly telling me the story of his son recently becoming a general in the Russian Aviation Corps. "Of course," the old man added, "my son never eats kosher now, but *dino d'malchuso dino*, the law of the Government is the law, and my son cannot live otherwise."

But for the limitations of space I would write in detail about the new avenues of endeavor opened to the Jews of Russia, about the new farm collectives established mostly for the Jewish middle-men and artisans of the smaller cities, who because of socialized industry, trade and commerce found themselves without any means of earning a livelihood. These people, uprooted from their environment and tradition, suffered greatly at the beginning, but are now, as a whole, contented and happily engaged in their newly acquired field of activity. Moreover, they live very congenially with their Russian neighbors on the land, and since the Jew has proved that he can be just as good a farmer as any other man in Russia, the peasant is

even learning to respect his Jewish neighbor, and comes to him at times to seek advice and enlightenment on such questions as enriching the fat contents of the cow's milk or the feeding of hogs.

To sum up, the Soviet Union is applying to the Jew the same principles it adopted for all national minorities in Russia, namely, of having each group live its own life culturally, but conforming to the socialistic policies of the State.

The answer to the question raised at the beginning of this article is veiled, and one conjecture may be as good as the other. A new culture is not created in a generation even at the fast rate of changing values which we witness today.

One conclusion, though, we may venture to draw: the status of the Jew in Russia today is the same as that of any other human being there, and no sensible Jew in Russia would wish his people to return to the status they occupied under the old regime, although he personally may have lost much by the change. As one thinking, fair-minded Jew told me: "If I cannot live Jewishly in Soviet Russia, I can at least live here *mcushlich* (humanly)."

THE NEW BOY

(Continued from page 9)

What was he doing here, in this supposed house of worship? This was false, wrong, unknown. A feeling of unreality weighed upon him. He felt his muscles constricting, his heart thumping louder and louder as if it were protesting against its crampedness. Suddenly he rose with the one intention of escaping from the oppressive atmosphere. But Sam pulled him down with a jerk.

"What yer doing?" he whispered hoarsely. "You can't get up now. Gee, you gave me a scare! What's the matter, are you sick?"

Isaac shook his head and silently prayed that the superintendent had not noticed him. He glanced up at the man behind the pulpit who was droning word after word, who every once in a while, stared menacingly at some spot in the synagogue from which an unwelcome noise arose while his words flowed on in a monotonous stream of meaninglessness.

Isaac glanced about him. Sam's head rested on his shoulder, his eyes shut, his mouth gaping hideously. "Red" Cohen was devouring a Dick Merriwell novel securely hid from sight within the pages of his prayer book. The two boys next to him were working a cross-word puzzle. A boy in front of Isaac saved himself from boredom by shouting out the responses in exaggerated eloquence. On the bench opposite Isaac's a councillor reached over several heads to poke a quarrelsome boy into good behavior. And meanwhile the superintendent droned a sermon, preaching the virtues of honesty, obedience and ambition, summing up with the words of Rabbi So and So: "O Lord, our God, help us to see ourselves as Thou seest us" . . . and then horrifyin g Isaac by plunging right into a brief talk on the evils of littering the toilets and playrooms with papers and garbage; and ending with a threat of punishment if such conditions were not remedied.

III

"Are services always like this?" asked Isaac of Sam as the children marched from the synagogue to the dining room for supper.

"Yeh—most of the time. 'Cept on holidays. Then it's crowded—lots of visitors, you know." But say—what got into you? Gee, you were so pale in there before!"

"Oh, nothing. I guess the boys don't like services so much, do they?"

Sam's face cracked into a silly grin. "Gee, first finding that out, Isaac?"

"Well . . ." Isaac didn't know how to explain to Sam. He was silent as they were swept with the crowd into the dining room.

"Listen," said Sam, after the prayer was over. "Don't worry about services. Nobody likes it. Gee, I thought you would at first — you're so, you know, so religious. But you'll get used to it."

Isaac frowned and then sipped his soup. Get used to it, used to dozing in the synagogue, reading story books, doing cross-word puzzles, mumbling prayers without meaning or beauty . . . get used to it . . .

"Don't be so sad," Sam said, interrupting his thoughts. "We're having a magician tonight and movies, too."

"That's nice. But where's the movie place? I didn't see any in the Home."

"Huh, where d'ye think? In the synagogue, of course."

"In . . . the synagogue?"

"Sure—there's a movie booth outside and a special screen's lowered in front of the altar. We always have movies there—and entertainment every Friday night. Lots of fun, too."

Isaac shoved his plate away from him. Magicians, movies . . . in the synagogue . . . the house of worship . . . the place of the Torah, the eternal light, the sacred home of God . . . He saw boys shouting, applauding, laughing . . . in the synagogue . . . a magician juggling balls . . . in the synagogue!

IV

Within a few weeks, Isaac, to all outward appearances, became "used" to the Home. But deep within him there still rankled an acute sorrow and bitterness which gave him little peace of mind. No one really understood the depths of despair into which he had been plunged. His councillor, on jotting down Isaac's behavior in the black looseleaf character-report book, described the boy as one who "does not mix well with other children. Seems above the average mentally, but oddly enough, he frequently associates with one of our dullest boys. An introvert, very reticent, melancholy, and prefers to be alone and simply brood."

But in a large institution like the Jewish Children's Home where six

hundred children are the concern and dismay of a score or so of councillors, one boy's troubles—despite black looseleaf books—scarcely arouse any comment; unless, of course, he comes into conflict with the authorities. So when Isaac's councillor perfunctorily concluded the report with ". . . gives no trouble at all. Obedient, refined, quiet. Easy to handle. Always on time, clean and neat . . ." he turned to another page and promptly dismissed all thoughts of Isaac from his mind. Isaac was thenceforth condemned to obscurity, buried in a black looseleaf character-report book.

Still lonely, and with his sad, grey eyes still beseeching the unseen, Isaac mechanically lived through one day after another, following the dull routine of the Home without a protest, without anything unusual occurring except for additional disillusionments to which he had now become inured.

Then one day came the storm.

For several weeks Isaac had been attending the Religious School at the Home. Because of his advance knowledge of the Bible and Jewish history, and his ability to read Hebrew, he had been admitted to a 4-A class which met every Saturday morning for two hours. With his avid desire to learn and his fervent interest in Judaism, he quickly earned the praise of his teacher. First Isaac regarded it as an empty glory. For there was no competition. No one else around showed any interest in the work, scarcely anybody did homework unless he were threatened with the dreaded punishment of not being allowed to visit relatives on the "going-out" Sunday. Isaac apparently was the only one to pay any attention to the teacher.

Isaac disliked the meetings of the class. Ever present in his mind was the familiar picture of a patriarchal rabbi, sitting next to him, pointing a fleshy, wrinkled finger at the text while Isaac recited aloud, slowly, painfully, yet eagerly. Such a picture refused to yield to the prosaic scene of his present Hebrew class. Commonplace room with dented public school desks and seats arranged in monotonous uniformity. A blackboard, an old desk—and the teacher, a young man, just like any ordinary college student, dressed in ordinary street clothes—no different, indeed, from the public school teachers Isaac knew. The Hebrew teacher was deadly serious but Isaac's classmates smirked, joked, drew pictures in their

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notebooks, quarreled incessantly, and continually raised their hands for permission "to leave the room."

One Saturday morning, Mr. Katz, the Hebrew teacher, decided he could not read the Bible and at the same time continue his surveillance of several troublesome boys. "I'll sit in the back and watch those pesky kids," he muttered to himself. Then, addressing the class with a disarming smile, "Who would like a chance to read?"

No one answered. Isaac timidly raised his hand.

"All right, Isaac. Come up here in front of the room."

As Isaac scrambled out of his seat, he heard someone hiss, "Sissy!" Somebody laughed. Isaac pretended he did not hear. He was anxious to read the Bible.

With the book in his hands, he faced the boys and began to read in a passionate voice:

"Behold, I set before you this day a blessing and a curse: the blessing, if ye shall hearken unto the commandments of the Lord your God, which I command you this day; and the curse, if you shall not hearken unto the commandments of the Lord your God. . ."

So absorbed was he in his reading that he became oblivious of the class. He felt as if he were immersed in some dream, isolated from all humanity, alone, in the terrifying presence of God. A snicker from somewhere in the room reached him as from some far-off distance. Laughter. More snickers. Mr. Katz had just slapped "Red" Cohen for writing with chalk on his desk.

"What d'yer think yer doing?" cried Cohen rebelliously, raising his hands defiantly before him. "You can't hit me and get away with it!"

Mr. Katz grabbed the boy by the shoulder and shook him. There followed a not too rare scene. Mr. Katz screamed at the boy and the boy shouted back vile insults. In the meantime Isaac had stopped reading. Something had snapped and he was back again in the dreaded reality. It pained him to see the violent scene before him but it pained him still more to be so suddenly and rudely severed from the hypnotic feeling of exaltation that he had just experienced. He felt sick in the stomach.

Just then someone hurled a board eraser at Isaac. It hit him squarely in the face and with such force that the

Bible dropped out of his hands. For a moment there was confusion — boys clapped, laughing, jeering, while Isaac, crestfallen, wiped the chalk dust from his face and Mr. Katz banged upon his desk in a frantic attempt to regain order.

When the tumult ceased, the infuriated teacher cried, "This is outrageous. You'll all pay for this. Now you can sit still for the rest of the period and God help those who open their mouths."

The boys, frightened now by his menacing glare, sat up rigidly, their hands clasped on the edge of the desks.

"And nobody move! If you don't want to learn, you won't do anything else. First you need discipline and you are going to get it!"

Sitting there, humiliated and disgusted, Isaac silently vowed never to come to the Hebrew class again. Discipline! All the time, he thought bitterly. We never learn anything . . . just sit still . . . discipline . . . His whole being revolted at the uncalled for treatment he had suffered. This was too much. He could not endure it anymore. He would stay away from the classes. He was desperate now.

(Continued on next Page)

V

The following Saturday morning Isaac did not report to his classroom. He was almost tempted to do so, but a vision of the trying scene of the previous week banished such thoughts. He really wanted to study Hebrew, to learn more about his race and religion, but "I can't go back, I just can't," he said to himself.

Beneath a foot-worn stone stairway which descended into the murky darkness of the basement, Isaac found refuge for the morning. He knew he had to hide since someone was always delegated to round up the boys who played "hookey" from Hebrew classes. He felt secure in his hiding place. It was damp, stuffy, dirty, but no one would think of searching for him there. He stretched himself upon the cold stone floor and leaned his head against the wall. At first he thought of all that had happened to him in the Home, but, finally, exhausted by the tense strain which gripped him, he fell asleep. When he awoke, he heard footsteps pounding upon the floor above which meant that the Hebrew classes were dismissed and the children were "washing up" for dinner.

Although he felt utterly miserable, Isaac passed the following Saturday in the same manner. But during the week his councillor handed him a blue typewritten card:

"Report to the office of the Ass't. Superintendent on Wed. 4 P. M.

Subject: Absence from Religious School."

"Later, when alone, Isaac tore the card into bits. And that evening he went far out of his way to avoid meeting the assistant superintendent.

The next afternoon, however, as he flung his school books into his locker in the playroom, an older boy who worked in the Religious School office, seized him by the arm. "Say, you're Isaac Baumen? Rabbi Miller wants to see you—right away."

"All right," said Isaac thoughtfully. "I'll be there in a few moments."

"Oh no, you don't! You got to come up with me—now." And the older boy grasped Isaac's arm more firmly.

In the Religious School office Rabbi Miller had just finished scolding a boy. This was the second time Isaac had appeared before the rabbi. The first when he had been tested for his proper grade in the school. Again he experienced a feeling of bewilderment. This man was the rabbi, amazingly enough, he did not look like a rabbi,

not like the kind Isaac had known—old patriarchs, with grizzled hair and flowing beards, dressed in kaftan and black skull cap. Before Isaac stood a middle-aged man not yet grey at the temples, clothed neatly in customary street wear, without a hat. He might have been mistaken for a professional man, a lawyer, or even a doctor—but scarcely a rabbi. At least not by Isaac.

Rabbi Miller stared at the meek, frightened boy before him. "Well, what's your excuse?" he demanded sternly.

Isaac hung his head in silence.

The rabbi repeated the question, his voice rising higher. It was a painstaking task to check up on the boys who stayed away from classes and the boy's silence irritated him.

No answer.

Usually an offending boy stammered out an excuse, no matter how flimsy. Isaac's dogged muteness surprised the rabbi. But, having lost all patience today, he became only more exasperated.

"Well, are you going to speak or not? Why didn't you attend your class?"

No answer. The typist in the office stopped clattering the keys and looked up in expectancy.

Plainly annoyed, Rabbi Miller once more repeated his question. Then he shook Isaac by the shoulder and suddenly, impulsively, slapped him across the face.

Isaac burst into tears.

Something about the dumb, appealing manner in which the boy stood before him, helplessly sobbing, made the rabbi suddenly realized that he was not dealing with the usual evasive boy. He instantly regretted his hasty action. He discarded his harsh manner. He placed his arm about Isaac's shoulder and drew the boy to a chair. "Now, now, stop crying. I'm sorry I had to slap you but you must talk. Don't you understand that? Don't be afraid now. I won't touch you anymore."

He waited for several minutes until Isaac's sobbing had lessened. And then Isaac glanced up at him and beheld, instead of the dreaded stern stare, a kindly, friendly expression on the rabbi's face. Gradually, while Rabbi Miller chatted paternally about the necessity of attending classes, Isaac's fears melted away. And then, without being asked, he stammered out the story of his troubles in the Home.

For some time after Isaac had finished, Rabbi Miller remained silent. He had never had such an unusual case before. It seemed incredible. Here was the type of boy he had searched for in vain. And yet this boy had suffered unnoticed.

The rabbi shook his head. He had watched other boys—not so intensely Jewish as Isaac, of course, but still possessing an excellent Jewish background—gradually cast off their interest in Judaism and sink, despite the rabbi's efforts, into the accepted commonplaceness of the average child in the Home. This boy's spirit, too, was being broken down by scorn and mockery.

Rabbi Miller patted Isaac on the head. "Now, listen, Isaac, I want you to buck up. I'm going to help you. How would you like to be my special pupil?"

Isaac jumped up, his face gleaming. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I do. Hereafter you report to the office on Saturday. I'll teach you myself. But remember this. We can't do everything here as our people did in Europe. But we can do one thing and that is to uphold the spirit of Judaism. Are you willing to help?"

"Yes . . . yes."

"Isaac." The rabbi spoke gravely. "I'm going to train you to become a rabbi. Would you . . . ?"

Isaac was rendered speechless. He could only nod his head.

"All right, Isaac, you go now and play around. But keep your spirit up and don't mind the boys if they tease you. Remember, you're a better Jew than they—and you will become a better man, too."

"Oh, I will," cried Isaac gratefully. "I will — and, oh, how can I thank you?"

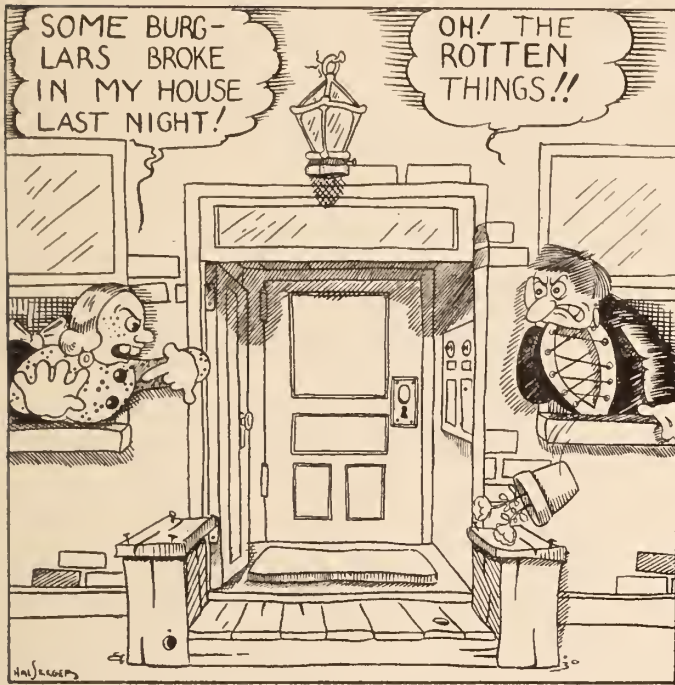
"Don't lose faith," said the rabbi, shaking hands with Isaac.

Rabbi Miller stroked his chin as he watched Isaac stride out of the office. He wondered . . . Here was the opportunity he had sought for such a long time . . . to train a boy to become a rabbi . . . more than that . . . a leader of his people. Isaac was perfect material. A sensitive, passionate boy . . . one who would serve his religion well.

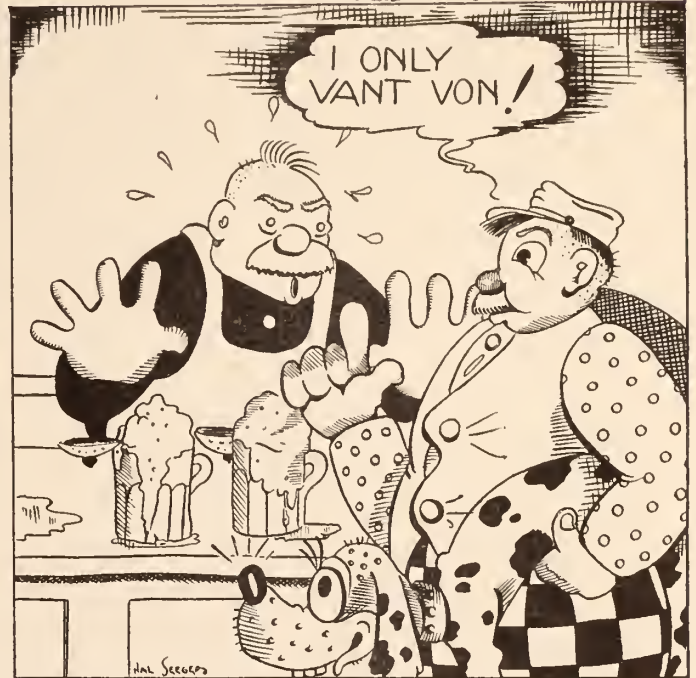
But the rabbi wondered. So many difficulties confronted him, so many pitfalls faced the boy . . . the temptation to be like the others, to share in their play, their companionship . . . to be accepted by all. The Home had ground so many promising boys to this level of sameness. The rabbi wondered . . .

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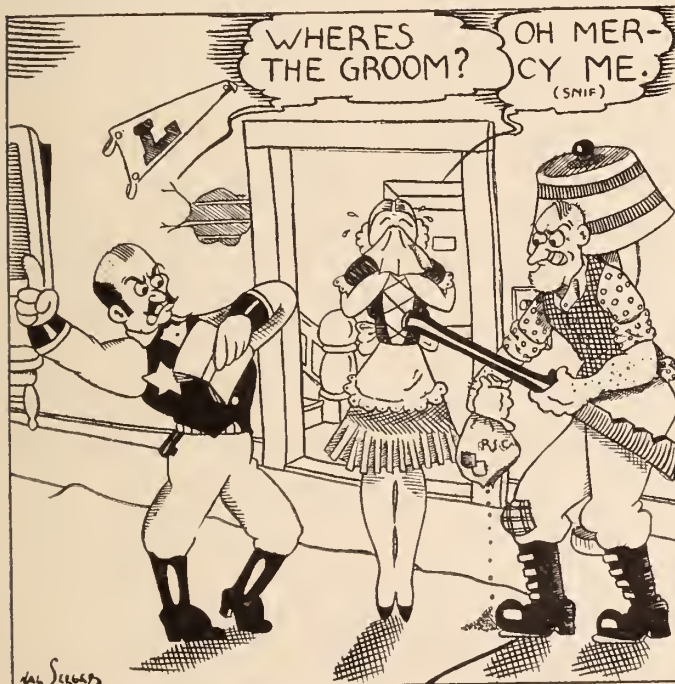
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